

# THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

VOLUME XXXVI—NUMBER 31

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1930

Four Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

## DR. CHAPMAN JUDGE IN RADIO CONTEST

### Appointed to Judge in Finals North Eastern Section

Dr. William R. Chapman returned from New York last Saturday, where he has been conducting rehearsals with his famous Rubinstein Club for the opening of the season on December 9th. He says hard times does not seem to affect music lovers there, as opera and concerts are in full swing. He predicts that canned music will be a thing of the past in a few years, as people want to see and hear the real artists. While in New York he was appointed the judge for the finals of the Atlantic Coast Radio Contest for the North Eastern Section. This is the finals for the \$25,000 division, and covers New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Eastern and Western New York, Rhode Island, Vermont and West Virginia. He says he hopes that Maine will win in the finals.

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Fitzmaurice Vail has employment in Rowe's store.

S. S. Greenleaf was in Littleton, N. H., Thursday.

Davis Lovejoy is ill at his home on Vernon Street.

Mrs. Berry of West Paris is visiting sister, Mrs. Davis Lovejoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Abbott of North Paris were in town Monday.

Mrs. Minnie Manthey returned to New Castle, N. S., Wednesday.

Mrs. Roy Andrews and son Rodney have been ill with tonsillitis.

Wallace Clark has gone to Woburn, Mass., where he has employment.

O. B. George, Jr., is enjoying a vacation from his work at Bethel Inn.

Wilbert Baker and daughter June spent the week end at Portland.

Dorothy Parsons spent the week end with Violet Upton of Littleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Littleton and sons were in Lewiston Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Jodrey and son Walter were in Lewiston last Thursday.

Miss Ethel Hammons is spending some time in the home of W. L. Chapman.

Lawrence Bartlett spent the school recess last week at S. G. Bean's in Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bean of Norway were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawin.

Mrs. Marah Webster of Sanford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson spent Sunday with their son Walter and family at West Paris.

Mrs. Herman Robertson, Mrs. Mary Brown and Mrs. Fred Rubin were in Rumford Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Upson are enjoying a visit at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City.

Marian Bean has finished her course at Farmington Normal School and is at her home in town.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Kenerson of West Bethel were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn Friday.

The Rainbow Hawaiians, radio stars presented an entertainment at Odeon Hall Wednesday evening.

Eugenia Haselton is spending several days in Livermore Falls the guest of Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Oliver.

Earl and Ralph Wagner and Percy Jodrey of Worcester were recent guests of Austin Jodrey and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wentzell are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, Nov. 11.

C. E. Merrill and family were recent guests of his brother, J. A. Merrill, and family at Sandy Creek, Bridgeport.

Miss Hazel Sanborn and Arthur Kelton of Portland were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn a few days last week.

Bernard and Otis Lilley of Portland were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wilson while on a hunting trip last week.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Dalzell, Miss Eugenia Haselton and Miss Mildred Adams were in Lewiston one day last week.

Mrs. Ann Bartlett went to Portland last week where she is remaining for a time with her niece, Miss Emma Dunn.

Mrs. T. L. Lapham, daughter Beulah and Mrs. Mary O'Donnell of Rumford were dinner guests of Mrs. Steven Lord Friday.

Edward Everett of South Paris was a guest of Mrs. Frank Robertson's class of boys at Sunday School the 15th.

Sheridan Chapman, Lloyd Chapin, Henry Hastings, Clarence Poole, Edward Robertson, O'Neil Robertson and Charles Smith are members of this class.

## BUMFORD YOUNG MAN LEAVES CAR AND GIRLS IN HANOVER MILL POND

Arthur Cormier of Rumford was arraigned on a charge of reckless driving to which charge he pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$100 and costs at Rumford Monday. This was the result of what might have been a very serious accident.

On Sunday Cormier was driving a Plymouth sedan belonging to his brother, Francis Cormier, and while driving on Oxford avenue asked three young ladies to take a ride with him, and started toward Bethel.

When going through Hanover, it is said that the car was going at a high rate of speed and was unable to make the turn across the bridge at Saunders' mill, and crashed through the fence, moving down eight of the posts and the heavy cable and tipped over on its side in the mill pond. Fortunately the water was only about two feet deep and the car was only about half submerged in the water and mud. Cormier got out of the car and ran away, leaving the young ladies in the car. Chester Cummings of Hanover, who saw the accident, helped them out of the car. They were badly shaken but suffered no injuries. Deputy Sheriff Lessard of Rumford was notified and started a search for Cormier but he was not found, and Monday he went to the Municipal building at Rumford and gave himself up.

Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Oliver were dinner guests at S. S. Greenleaf's Wednesday. They called on many friends in town during the day.

Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Wilson returned to their home in Westbrook Saturday after a week's visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wilson.

Mrs. Blanche Merrill, who has been visiting her son, C. E. Merrill, and family is now visiting her son J. A. Merrill, and family at Sandy Creek.

New Raincoats at Lyon's.

Miss E. Thoa Hutchinson has passed the final examinations and been admitted as a student in the Army School of Nursing, Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C. Bethel friends extended congratulations.

Mrs. Marjorie Hanson and Mrs. Percy Flint have returned from Wilson's Mills. Mrs. Flint has gone to Bangor where she will visit her daughter, Marguerite, who is teaching there.

D. H. Spearin, who has been on a hunting trip at Greenville, accompanied by his brothers Lamont and Richard Spearin of Portland, and W. W. Downing of Tampa Florida, Fla., arrived home Sunday, bringing with them four nice deer. The deer brought by D. H. Spearin was a 14 point buck, which was estimated to weigh 200 pounds.

Bernard Van Arsdel of Berlin, assistant, chemist of the Brown Company's rayon department, was the speaker at the meeting of the Bethel Lions Club held at Bethel Inn Tuesday evening. He gave a most interesting talk on the making of rayon felt, which was illustrated by pictures showing the process from wool to the finished product.

At the regular meeting of Sunset Rebekah Lodge Monday evening the following program was presented: Duet, "The Corn Song," Faye Mitchell and Eugenia Haselton; The Story of Her Trip to France, Mrs. Bertha Alford; Duet, "Thanksgiving," Mrs. Bean and Eugenia Haselton; Reading, Miss Rose Harvey; Reading, Miss Ida Packard; Guessing game, "A Musical Tale," won by Mrs. Bean.

The Don Quixote Club met in the Legion Rooms Tuesday evening. Reports of officers and committees were heard and new business discussed. The club has been organized under the direction of Herbert R. Bean, principal of the grammar school. Following are the officers: President, Beatrice Merriam; Vice-President, Charles Smith; Secretary, Josephine Thurston. Meetings are each Tuesday evening at the Legion Rooms.

Florine Bean celebrated her thirteenth birthday, Nov. 19. Twelve girl friends were invited for the evening: Katherine Brinck, Marian Brinck, Muriel Brinck, Jane Baker, Mary Sanborn, Dorothy Hutchinson, Helen Anderson, Valerie Bean, Betty Edwards, Elizabeth Bean, Baby Jodrey and Josephine Thurston. The rooms were prettily decorated in keeping with the theme.

Refreshments of cake, punch and corn balls were served. A. D. Forbes was taken to the C. M. T. Hospital Monday evening in a Greenleaf's ambulance. He was operated upon at once and found to have a ruptured appendix and was suffering with peritonitis. Mrs. Forbes was called to Lewiston at midnight because of his serious condition, but returned Tuesday morning and reported his condition as favorable as could be expected. Mrs. Forbes and daughter Beatrice are staying with her parents at West Paris.

## ANNUAL FARM BUREAU FEDERATION MEETING BOSTON NEXT MONTH

Every farmer and farm woman in Oxford County is cordially invited to attend the annual meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation to be held in Boston December 8, 9, 10, also the conference of farm women which precedes it. This is the first time that this great organization of more than a million farm people has come to the east. The Farm Bureau people of New England and other states in the north eastern group are planning to give them a great welcome and make their stay in Boston interesting.

The County Agents and Home Demonstration Agents of this county have received a special invitation to attend and County Agent Lender, A. L. Deerpole, assured Howard S. Russell, Secretary of the Massachusetts Farm Bureau Federation, that he hopes this many as possible of the County Agents and Home Demonstration Agents will attend. While the Maine Farm Bureau is not affiliated with the national organization the program which has been outlined will have much of interest for farmers and farm women.

Among the important and interesting will come up for discussion are rural taxation, federal support for rural schools, and highway improvement. The meeting will have special interest for Maine farmers because of the policies of the Federal Farm Board in original organization of potato growers, dairy men, wool growers, and other groups. The American Farm Bureau Federation has taken an active interest in the Farm Board and has a considerable influence in shaping its policies. It is expected that actions taken in the coming meeting will have a powerful influence on the program of the Farm Board for the future.

Among the important and interesting features of the big Convention will be a display of New England Agricultural products to which Maine will contribute freely with potatoes and fruit as specialties. An interesting feature of this exhibit will be a display of old time farm implements typifying the growth of New England agriculture from the earliest days to the present. Arrangements have been made to show the guests some of the historic places around Boston, also to give them an opportunity to see the markets where their produce is actually sold.

## Gould Academy Notes

A program is being prepared for the Annual Donors' Day exercises which will be held during the first week in December.

The call for volunteers for basketball practice brought out a good number of boys. Two squads of about 15 men each are practicing, from which teams will be selected.

The Girl Reserves held a tea at the Students' Home on Friday at the close of school. Each member was privileged to invite a guest. Girl Reserve songs were sung, and special selections consisting of a solo by Catherine Lyon, a trio composed of Catherine Lyon, Hazel Grover, and Kathryn Harbick was much enjoyed.

The girls who attended the Center case in Portland gave their reports. These reports were brief but comprehensive, showing that the girls had an appreciative interpretation of the address and discussions which they had been privileged to enjoy. Tea was served to 50 guests.

## OTIS N. MASON

Otis N. Mason, the only son of the late Naham W. and Mary Miles Mason of West Bethel, passed away at the Bethel Hospital, Mass., Nov. 11th. For the past 20 years Mr. Mason has been a well known guide at Upper Bethel, Maine. He is survived by a wife and a sister in Massachusetts and a sister in Maine. W. D. Mills of West Bethel services were held on Thursday at the Hills Cemetery Chapel.

Mrs. Bert Grover entertained a few friends in honor of a husband's birthday Tuesday evening, Nov. 18. Cards were enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, daughter Patricia, and Miss Cora Phillips have returned from a delightful vacation of two weeks in Massachusetts and Southern New Hampshire.

The following members of the Sons of the Union Veterans and Auxiliary met at South Paris last Thursday night: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lapham, Mrs. Florence Lapham, Mrs. Della Foster, Mrs. Anne North, Mrs. Frances Clough, Miss Marian Phillips, E. H. Smith, Harry Gordon and Fred Clark.

## TWENTY-FIVE AT ORCHARD MEETING

### Survey of Oxford County Fruit Conditions Under Way

Twenty-five orchardists from South Paris, Norway, Waterford and Hebron were present at the meeting held Thursday evening, Nov. 13. The meeting was called as a result of an application for a survey to see if it would be possible or desirable to consider the formation of a cooperative packing plant for fruit produced in this area. This survey, under the direction of the State Fruit Contact Committee, and assisted by Ray Atherton, Extension Marketing Specialist, was pronounced well under way at the end of the meeting.

Such information as the production of fruit by varieties, number of trees of various ages by varieties, kind of equipment being used, present method of disposal of fruit, and other questions having a direct bearing on the kind, quality and amount of fruit that will be produced during the next couple of decades was obtained from each individual.

Results of the survey will be presented to the State Committee and made to the orchardists later.

## MRS. LEAVITT SPEAKER AT W. C. T. U. MEETING

The W. C. T. U. held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. R. O. Daboll, Nov. 5. This was one of the most interesting meetings of the year. Many of the town's ladies were invited to attend and several responded.

The principal speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Gertrude Stevens Leavitt, daughter of Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, who was so prominent in the W. C. T. U. work. It will be remembered that Mrs. Stevens followed Frances Willard as president of the World W. C. T. U. and throughout her life worked unflinchingly for the good of the cause. Her daughter, Mrs. Leavitt, has the same heart-felt interest for the work, never missing an opportunity of saying or doing her utmost to interest men and women in the cause of prohibition, accomplishing a great work through her paper, "The Star of the East," published at Portland, of which she is editor.

Mrs. Leavitt took for the subject of her afternoon address, "What a Christian Woman Ought to Do in America." Beginning her talk with very interesting historical facts concerning the origin of the W. C. T. U., giving an outline of conditions in the early days of prohibition, the hardships endured and the many difficulties overcome by the workers, who stood by loyal and true as "White Ribboners," always having, in their hearts, a sacred privilege to be counted among the ranks of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Leavitt spoke of present conditions in our land and the great need of workers who through personal contact spread before the public the literature dealing with this subject whereby we can see the great need of their support. She did not forget to bring to the attention of this little group of interested women who had come out to the meeting the conditions as they exist in Canada under government control, whereby the government has made its millions of dollars and today there is more drink on the streets than in any other country and more bootlegging than ever before.

Mrs. Leavitt closed her most interesting address with a very urgent appeal to every lady present to become a member and join forces with the Women's Christian Temperance Union in their work to retain the Prohibition Laws. Mrs. Elizabeth Morton accompanied Mrs. Leavitt to Bethel and gave a brief talk before the meeting and a usual interesting and pleasing manner. Following the address, delicious refreshments of sandwiches, pickles and cold nuts and coffee were served by the ladies.

## ALBERT B. SANBORN

Albert B. Sanborn passed away at his home in Bethel Sunday morning, Nov. 17, 1930.

He was born in Bethel Jan. 1, 1868, the son of Isaac and Ellen Sanborn. He was a machinist by trade and with the exception of some time spent in Portland and Lake Umbagog, he always lived on the home place near Skillington.

He married Miss Annie May Sanborn who preceded him. He is also survived by a sister, Miss Ella Sanborn, and several nieces and nephews. Funeral services were held from his late home at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Rev. C. B. Oliver and Rev. R. C. Daboll officiated. Burial was at Riverside.

## OXFORD COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT

The case of Fred I. Clark of Bethel vs. A. L. Young of Auburn was the first case tried last week. This suit was brought for railroad loss which Clark had out for Young. Clark said that Young agreed to take anything down to five inches in diameter at the top, while Young contended that five inches was too small for a tie. Henry Hastings was attorney for the plaintiff, and Seth May of Auburn for the defendant. The verdict was for Clark for \$780, the full amount sued for.

The next case was an automobile accident at Rumford last April when the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse St. Pierre of Waldo Street was struck by a truck of the Rumford Oil Company and suffered severe injuries. There were two actions for damages, one by the father to recover for expenses, and the other in the name of the child for her own injuries. After the evidence had been given the case was settled out of court.

A verdict of not guilty was returned in the case of William Bryant of Lynchtown township who was charged with "plug fishing." Bryant denied that he was fishing, but was guiding in a boat with three others at the time.

Harry P. Landers of Norway was sentenced to thirty days in jail on an indictment for selling securities without being registered.

The prisoners in jail were brought in Friday afternoon and all pleaded guilty. They were:

Stanislaw Calando of Rumford. Attempt to break and enter.

John W. Clemons of Hiram. Embezzlement from Hiram Creamery Association.

Edward H. Blaisdell of Rumford. Two indictments, for breaking and entering.

Joseph Barrett of Woodstock. Forgery of check.

Arthur H. Ayotte of Rumford. Escape from jail.

Albert Walker of Fryeburg. Escape from jail.

Walter M. Getchell of Norway. Forgery by false pretenses.

John Wikstrom of Rumford. Unlawful possession. Plea, not contended.

G. P. Brennan. Operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor.

Willis Ladd of Dixfield. Unlawful possession.

Nine were sentenced as follows at the court session Monday afternoon:

W. L. Ladd, \$500 and five months in the county jail with six months additional in default of payment.

Andrew Angus, Rumford. Burglary, \$200 and five months in jail.

Joseph Barrett, six months in jail.

Carroll Walker, 15 days in jail.

Stanislaw Calando, placed on probation for one year.

John Wikstrom, \$500 and two months in jail. Probation for one year.

Arthur Ayotte, two months in jail.

Albert Walker, not less than one year and not more than two years at hard labor in State prison.

Gill Brown, 60 days in jail.

John W. Clemons, case continued for sentence until February term of court.

He was released in the first week of the term of the court.

W. L. Ladd, that of Fred Penley of West Paris vs. Roland G. Robbins of Hiram, in which Penley sought to recover damages so caused in an automobile collision with the South Paris West Paris road.

## WEDDING RECEPTION

A very pleasant evening was passed November 14th by some over 125 friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Daboll who attended the wedding reception of this popular young couple. The event took place at the Bear River Grange, Hall, Norway Center. Bill Ross' orchestra of Rumford was in attendance and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. A case of silver from Bear River Grange, friend ship quilt, North Norway Sewing Circle and ten dollars from the Ladies' Club of the Bethel Congregational Church, were among the valuable and beautiful presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Daboll. Refreshments of punch and cake were served.

Funeral services were held from his late home Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Burial was at West Bethel.

## MAINE CROPS ABOVE AVERAGE

### Reported to be 2.3% Over Ten Year Average

The combined yield of Maine's important crops this year is 2.3% greater than the average during the past ten years, according to a joint report released by the United States and Maine Departments of Agriculture.

On the bases of yields reported on November 1, the Maine potato crop is estimated at 45,120,000 bushels or an even 5 million bushels below the 1929 production but slightly more than the average for the recent five years. Yields per acre turned out much better than what the growers expected earlier in the season. Blight and rot were more localized and did not cause as great a shrinkage as anticipated. However, there may be considerable wastage in storage this winter. For New England the potato crop totals 57,880,000 bushels as compared with 58,988,000 bushels produced in 1929 and 47,400,000 the 1924-28 average. Production in all of New England States excluding Maine is the largest since 1923 and was due largely to exceptionally high yields produced per acre.

Total apples in Maine are a 3,024,000 bushel crop and exceeds the average by about 22%. The commercial crop is placed at 823,000 barrels as compared with 692,000 barrels in 1929 and 499,000 barrels the five year average. November 1 reports show lighter crops than a year ago for all varieties except Duchess, Greenings, Baldwin, Northern Spy, and Delicious. The Baldwin production is reported exceptionally large this year. For New England commercial apples are expected to total 2,470,000 barrels as compared with 1,808,000 barrels, the total in 1929 and 1,897,000 the average 1924-28. Production this year is almost double that of 1929 in the southern half of New England. Maine and Vermont are the only states showing smaller totals than a year ago, while Vermont is the only one showing less than an average crop.

Weather conditions in Maine have been favorable to the completion of the harvest of feed crops and to the progress of other farm work. Corn yields are slightly higher than a year ago, the total production is equivalent to 533,000 bushels or slightly more than normal. Buckwheat yields were below average in both Maine and Vermont, and the total New England production at 216,000 bushels is somewhat small. On the other hand dry beans yielded well and production at 182,000 bushels is considerably above average.

## CARROLL LEWIS

Carroll V. Lewis of Norway committed suicide by shooting in Harrison Wednesday afternoon. He was employed as night watchman at the W. F. Taylor Co. plant at Norway. He was the son of the late John P. and Flora Stone Lewis and was born in North Waterford Dec. 7, 1891. He is survived by two brothers and two sisters.

## GEORGE BENNETT

George Bennett passed away suddenly at his home in Northeast Bethel Monday. He was born in Oxford 25 years ago, the son of John and Mary Bennett.

The early part of his life was spent in Oxford. Following the trade of machinist he lived and worked in many places in Maine and New Hampshire. Some over a year ago he bought the old Sanborn place in Northeast Bethel and for several months had been living there. Although he had suffered with heart trouble for some time his condition had not appeared to change.

Services were held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawin.

## D. NEWTON BLAKE

D. Newton Blake passed away Wednesday evening, Nov. 13, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott at Chatham.

He was born in Bethel July 2, 1847, the son of David and Maria Adams. He married Miss Mildred Stone of Bethel who preceded him. He also had a son, David, and a daughter, Mary, who preceded him. He was a farmer and lived on his farm at Chatham for many years.

He was a member of the Bethel Baptist Church and Pleasant Valley Grange. Funeral services were held from his late home Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Burial was at West Bethel.

Funeral services were held at three o'clock Friday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawin.







**Fore Street, Oxford**

A Mr. Henley of Norway ran into an electric pole near A. D. Cummings' smashing his car, breaking the pole, and causing a pause in all electric work along the way. It is said that the ball of electricity that shot off the broken wire was visible for miles.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmore Robertson were callers at E. E. Twitchell's the afternoon of the 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stearns visited her aunt, Mrs. Hattie Tripp of Mechanic Falls, Sunday.

Al and Oscar Twitchell were at Welchville last week cutting and hauling wood for David Staples.

Laurence Brown is stopping at E. E. Twitchell's picking over his year's crop of beans ready for market.

We feel sure that the Fore Street ladies' circle has come to life again, for last week there were eight ladies present. The circle met with the two Mrs. Stantons and all reported a pleasant afternoon.

Mrs. Ernest Mattor and her mother, Mrs. Witham, spent the day Friday in Lewiston.

**Rowe Hill, Greenwood**

The spelling contest last week proved to be a tie. This week they are having an airplane race with Addie Libby and Edward Libby as captains. One hundred stands for one mile gained for their side. Those receiving 100% last week were Frank York, Mabel Libby and Herbert Libby.

Mrs. Elton Dunham visited relatives in Norway recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ring and children of South Sumner were at Newton Bryant's last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang and Merle of Bryant Pond were callers there also.

Wesley Ring has finished work on the town hall at Locke Mills and will cut some long lumber to be drawn to Mann's mill, also fire wood. He expects to return to work for Tabbetts Company the first of January.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Ring will move to Locke Mills into Mrs. Farrington's rent immediately after Thanksgiving.

Callers and all day guests at Elton Dunham's last Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole and family, Mrs. Elsie Cole and children of Greenwood Center; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dunham and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Dunham and children, Howe Hill; and Arthur Andrews of Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hobbs of Gorham, N. H., were here a few days last week and closed the camp for the winter.

Nearly everyone from this vicinity attended the wedding receptions of Mr. and Mrs. Lamont Brooks and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dragon last Tuesday and Friday evenings at the Grange Hall, Bryant Pond.

Winifred Bryant took the fourth and fifth degrees in the Grange in a class of thirteen last Saturday evening.

H. D. Cole of South Paris was in this vicinity last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ring of Bryant

Pond were at Colby Ring's Sunday. Also Mr. and Mrs. Mundt of Gorham, N. H., were callers there.

Miss Gwendolyn Swan of Locke Mills was a supper guest at Colby Ring's Monday night.

Wilmer Bryant was in Norway on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Ring called on Mr. Ring's grandmother, Mrs. Nancy Andrews, at Albany Sunday.

Charles Mason of Woodstock and Oran York of this place are hunting in Andover this week.

**Albany—Waterford**

E. L. Shedd has been working for Ernest Brown.

George Briggs bought several tons of hay of Nancy Andrews Friday.

Charles Jordan of South Paris was in this place Saturday on business.

Maud Bigelow returned to the home of George Briggs Friday evening after visiting relatives at Norway and Buckland for several weeks.

A baby girl was born Nov. 13 to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Webber of Springfield, Mass., at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Ezra Leffoko, North Waterford.

M. N. Sawin has spent several days recently at his home in South Albany.

A party from Kennebunk are stopping at the Abbott house.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanderson and daughter Arlene spent the week end with Frank Pike and family at Conway, N. H.

Paul Kurize of Norway, with friends from Auburn, spent Sunday at Walter Lord's.

Theodore Brown is working for George Briggs.

Bethel Grammar School, Grade V

The following received 100% in Arithmetic for the week ending Nov. 14: June Chapin, Helen Crouse, Edward Robertson, Mary Wheeler, Frank Littlehale.

Those who received 100% in Spelling were Barbara Beau, Vivian Berry, Mau-

rice Brooks, Jane Chapin, Joyce Chapman, John Currier, Helen Crouse, Marjorie Fish, Robert Gordon, Phyllis Hunt, Ethel Jodrey, Frank Littlehale, Elizabeth Lyon, Mary Wheeler.

**NEWBY**

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hakala and son Robert were in Lewiston shopping last Saturday.

H. R. Powers and family were in Rumford Saturday.

G. H. Learned and Herbert Morton have been clearing out the ditches and dragging the road the past week.

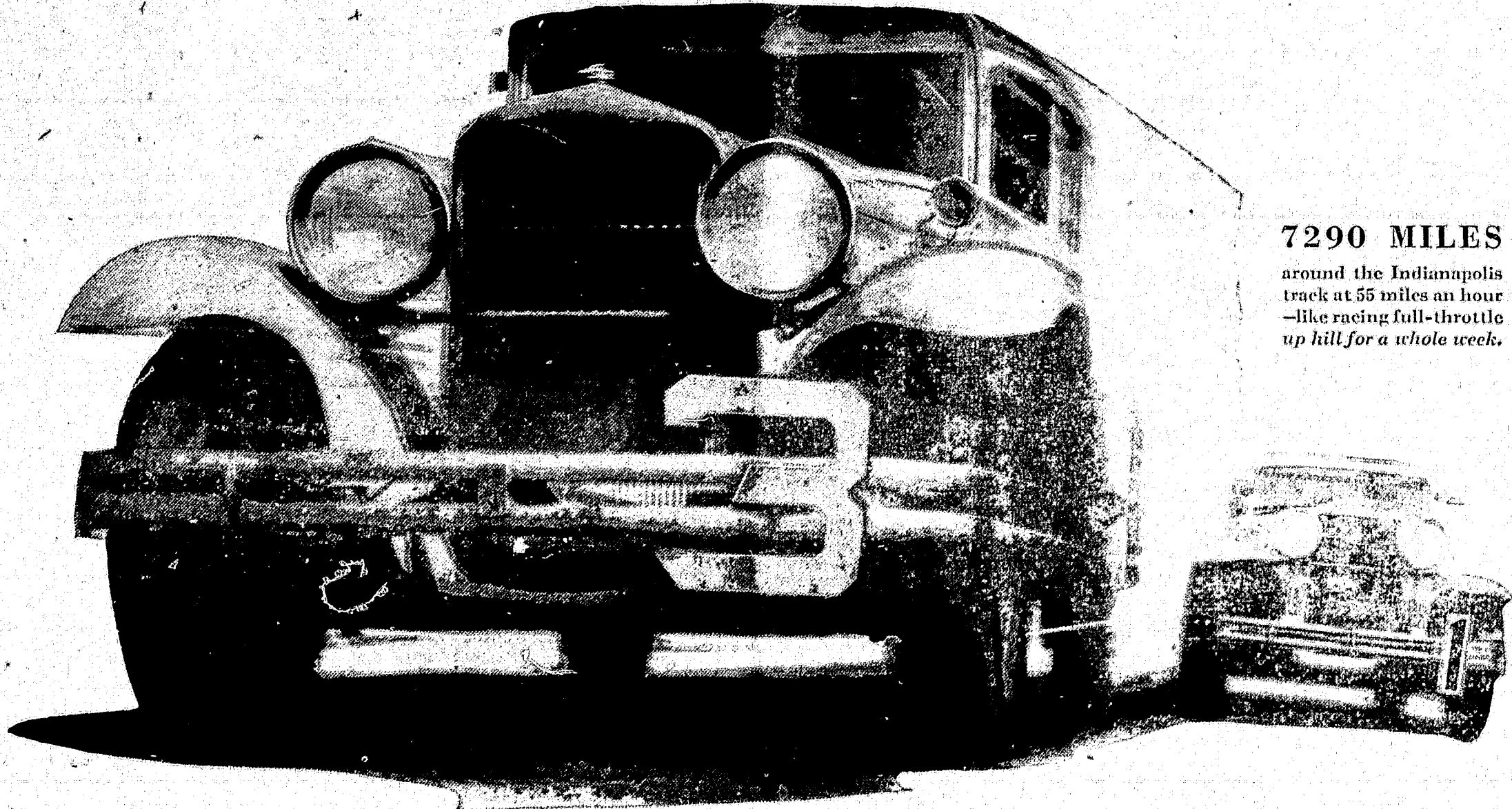
There was a church social at the Grange Hall Saturday evening with a large attendance.

Walter and Rexford Powers were in Norway last Saturday shopping.

Mrs. Charles Robertson is in poor health.

Mr. Erickson, wife and daughter of South Paris were in town hunting last week.

Mr. Weeks and a friend from Weeks Mills are hunting in town a few days.

**7290 MILES**

around the Indianapolis track at 55 miles an hour—like racing full-throttle up hill for a whole week.

# A whole year's driving in less than a week!

FOR five and a half days and nights, through rain, through blistering heat, three cars—standard 1931 model sedans—racked around and around the torturing Indianapolis Speedway, testing the new Socony Motor Oil.

In less than a week, at close to a mile-a-minute pace, they each covered 7290 miles—a whole year's mileage (AAA averages) . . . the equivalent of driving up hill, throttle wide open, all the way!

The test was made under the strict supervision of the American Automobile Association. The result was even beyond the expectations of the Socony engineers after two and a half years' work!

They already knew it was a great COLD WEATHER OIL. Tested at 6 below zero, in an airplane flying over four and three-quarters miles high, this 100% Paraffine Base, dewaxed oil flowed freely.

But the Indianapolis Test proved something more.

It proved that this new oil does not decom-

pose or break up, no matter how savage the HEAT of an automobile engine.

It proved that this new oil consistently maintains the proper "body" at abnormally high engine temperatures, giving perfect piston seal, maximum power, and minimum fuel and oil consumption; and that the new refining process used in its manufacture reduced to a minimum all harmful elements which cause carbon, gum and sludge.

You, too, will find that the new Socony Motor Oil is noticeably "oilier"—better—in fact, the ideal lubricant for eliminating wear in your motor.

We urge you to try it today. In any season it is even better for your car than Socony "Air-craft."

Socony Winter Gear Oil, the superior lubricant for cold weather, insures proper lubrication and easy gear shifting. Switch to it today. And for a quick starting go online try Socony Special plus Ethyl. Remember, too, the importance of lubrication during the winter months. Take no chances. Ask for a Socony Certified Lubrication job—lubrication as it should be done.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Perfected . . . proved . . . in every way!

# new SOCONY MOTOR OIL

*The most brutal test ever given a motor oil!*



# THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
AT BETHEL, MAINE  
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher  
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.  
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by W. E. Rosserman, Bethel; Stanley and Donald Brown, Bethel; Lawrence Perry, West Bethel; Edward Hinkley, Lower Mills; Gordon Chase, Bryant Pond; John Keag, Hanover.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1930

Mercantile transactions of the Soviets are reminiscent of customs closing out sales and other merchandising methods of the lower tier side of New York. The Romanians went out of power in 1917 and it is now 1930. With those stocks of imperial goods and imperial clothing ever given out, or are there undercover factories somewhere in the hinterland?

France prepared to pass a law that every prospective bridegroom must qualify by running 100 meters in one minute, climbing a palisade seven feet high, jumping three yards and swimming 200 yards, and the old bachelors answer is that if a man could do all these things, a woman wouldn't catch him in the first place.

The main waste of the Arctic waste is not that God will go to waste.

Some information commences at the mother's knee—some over it.

Many a man's prediction of a world panic is based on the hole in his pocket.

**Oldest City in World?**  
It is generally supposed that Damascus, the chief city of Syria, is the oldest city in the world. Although positive evidence is lacking, there is some reason for believing that its site has been continuously occupied by a city longer than any other spot on the earth. The Jewish historian Josephus, who probably based his assertion on a Hebrew tradition, attributed the foundation of Damascus to the great-grandson of Noah.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Optimist**  
A little fellow of 5 years fell and cut his upper lip so badly that a doctor had to be summoned to sew up the wound.  
The mother, in distress, could not refrain from saying:  
"Oh doctor, I fear it will leave a disfiguring scar."  
The doctor looked up into her tearful face and said:  
"I am sorry, but you must not say that. It will only make the child feel worse."

The Pittsburgh girl who advertised her willingness to marry any healthy man of good character who would pay her \$500 in cash, was disappointed by letters of refusal, although these who have refused to do so are displaying little interest in the matter. We offer her another \$500. It is to forget the immediate past and concentrate on the future. The Philadelphia Public Ledger says she has him about now.

The English teacher of this parish, who picked up an estate of \$750,000 during his lifetime, deserved every cent of it. His wasn't much of a contribution, but he earned the thanks of the world for refusing to squander a grand old estate by selling his game miniature tennis.

**Improved Ice for Rinks**  
Max Holzhuth, a Berlin chemist, claims to have invented what he calls "ice lite." It consists of water belted with certain chemicals. The formula is secret. It is not a refrigerator. It is for the preparation of skating surfaces in rinks.

Black fingerstuds may become fashionable, but they may require a lot of explaining.

Chicago is starting television broadcasting, so outsiders can see as well as hear the battle.

Australia has been trying to pay her bills with money which she borrowed from herself.

What the country needs just now is less telephoning on the part of the public to part with a nickel.

Keys on agricultural notes: "I was well and more milk if given more water." So will a milk can.

An apple tree that blooms twice in a year is a good thing, but it is better to have the apple at both ends.

The clear stores are selling books. Once again the ability of literature and alcohol is demonstrated.



## SOUTH WATERFORD

N. Lillian Kimball visited her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Holly of South Waterford, R. I., several days recently.

Mrs. Maude B. Atherton was in Providence, R. I., going in company with her mother, Mrs. Bessie Hamlin of Norway, Mass., last week. Mrs. Atherton stayed overnight with Mrs. J. W. Plummer during Miss Atherton's absence.

One Shimer is much improved in health this past week.

W. W. Abbott has had the most comfortable week since taken ill. He has had no symptoms and potted plants thus far.

Pion Pike is ill in bed at this writing.

Mrs. Albert Hamlin and sister, Grace Moulton of Sweden, visited to Portland on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelson and son Malcolm, and Mrs. Frank Shaw visited to Boston Friday. They are to visit Mrs. Ernest Brackett in West Medford. Mrs. Shaw will visit her nephews in Milton and Hyde Park and cousins in Penobscot. Mr. Nelson will bring his box on his return.

Timothy Holden was in Norway on Wednesday for dental work. Wednesday afternoon six ladies of the Community Club met at the post office where they talked a wool-comfort for Mrs. W. J. Bull of North Waterford.

Mrs. Charles Chaplin of Blackguard visited to Lewiston on Saturday with her daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hubbard of Bridgton.

Mrs. George spent a few days in Bethel this past week.

Mrs. Jeanne Hammond has been ill for some time but is now better.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hall, Mrs. Ida L. Hall, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Mabel Shaw attended the movie in Bridgton this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Strady of Oxford and Mr. and Mrs. John Proctor of Naples were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin on Blackguard.

Mrs. Lillian Shaw, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Mabel Shaw attended the Young People's meeting at the Wesleyan Community House on the 14th Friday evening.

Four Mountain Grange held its regular meeting on Saturday evening at the school, located at 115. Fifty-one in attendance. The following program was presented:

George Thomas, Vocal solo, "My Little Home."

Edith M. Moore, George Thomas, "The Dawn of Peace."

Reading, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

Edith M. Moore, "The Dawn of Peace."

## TWO-MINUTE SERMON

by REV. GEORGE HENRY  
DO WHAT YOU CAN

Some Christians seem to think that they are exempt from the law of service. They are very small in comparison with that performed by others. I am small in stature, therefore God does not expect Herculean physical feats of me. My purse is lean, therefore God does not expect my giving to be of the same intrinsic value as that of the munificent millionaire. A "little sermon" like this one, is about the limit of my ability as a contribution to the literature of the day, therefore I do not require me to produce a ponderous tome. However, God does require of me that I put forth my best physical effort in performing my task. He requires of me that I give my monetary mite. He expects me to write my "little sermon."

Do your best. That is what God asks of you. His judgment is not based on comparisons. Each man stands or falls on the basis of his ability and his opportunity.

LYMAN WING IN COURT

ON RECKLESS DRIVING CHARGE

Arraigned in Judge Jones' court at Norway Monday, Lyman Wing of Bryant Pond was found guilty and paid a fine on a charge of reckless driving.

Harry Bates aged 70 was struck by a car operated by young Wing at Bryant Pond last Friday, suffering a severe wound in the head, bruises about the face and possibly a fractured hip.

## ARE YOU READY?

**Cold Weather Hints**  
**Whiz Gold Band Anti Freeze**  
Absolutely safe, will not evaporate, odorless and harmless to motor.

**Alcohol 188-Proof**  
**Slippery Driving**  
Miller Tires, Weed Chains, all sizes and styles.

**Hard Starting**  
Change your oil to  
Mobile Arctic Winter Oil  
Hy Test Gasoline

Let us take care of your car for the winter.

**Robertson Service Station**  
RCA and Majestic Radios  
**OPEN ALL WINTER**

## NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP

It is of interest to know that the topographical map of the "Rumford quadrangle" is completed and ready for distribution. For a number of years the work on this mapping of Maine stood still for lack of appropriations, but a few years ago an appropriation was made by the legislature, and the national government cooperating, the work was resumed.

The Rumford sheet includes the territory between 70 degrees 30 minutes and 70 degrees 45 minutes west longitude, and 44-30 and 44-45 north latitude. This

may not mean much without seeing the map, but to define a little, it takes in a considerable part of the town of Rumford, including all of the village, all of Roxbury and portions of Mexico, Newry, Andover, Hanover, Byron, Carthage and Wells. North and south it extends from Rumford Point to Temple down Pond in No. 6, and east and west from Mexico to Andover village. It brings out distinctly quite a portion of the valleys and the water sheds of the Swift River and Ellis River, and shows the comparatively level roads and the high hills which are characteristic of Oxford County.

The field work on this quadrangle was done in 1927, so it is well up to date. A new departure is the printing of the roads in red, a certain type of line showing the hard surfaced roads, and a different type of line indicating "other main roads."

The sheets are sold at 10 cents each and may be secured from the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey at Washington.

**NOW HERE**  
RCA  
**RADIOLA**  
48  
only \$112.50  
less Radiotrons

Trim enough for the smallest space, yet brimful of modern, man-size screen-grid radio! A beautiful, compact cabinet designed especially for fine tone quality. Come in today...see it...hear it...enjoy a few minutes of real radio!

Hear It at Robertson's  
Service Station  
Howard W. Shaw  
Authorized Dealer for Bethel.

## Fred S. Brown

### Pre-Christmas Gift Festival

Answering the Question  
**WHAT SHALL I GIVE?**

Your gift list will find many beautiful and useful suggestions here, for we have gathered together the largest variety of gift items for years. We suggest that you BUY EARLY, for these choice gifts are ones that are always snatched up weeks before Christmas. Here are but a few of the many popular articles we have chosen for you.

**LINGERIE.** Dainty underthings to wear on any occasion.

**RAYON BLOOMERS** in the finest quality, cut with fullness enough to give comfort and service. Priced \$1.00 and \$1.50.

**DANCE SETS** in crepe-de-chine, ceru lace trimmed, wonderful gifts, \$2.95.

**RAYON CREPE** Dance sets, trimmed, \$1.00.

**RAYON PAJAMAS.** This season they are unusually striking in the bright color combinations and wide pant. Only \$2.95.

**GIFT NOVELTIES** in glass and dainty boxes make very attractive gifts for both men and women at 25c to \$1.00.

**OUTING FLANNEL PAJAMAS,** made in both the plain or printed outing, \$1.00 to \$2.75.

**CHILDREN'S** Sleeping garments, 50c.

**OUTING FLANNEL GOWNS,** women's, \$1.00 to \$1.95.

**INFANTS' GOODS.** Something for baby always pleases. We have soft wool sweaters, socks, booties, caps, handmade dresses, pillows, warm blankets, comb and brush sets, rubber aprons and novelties. Gifts at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25.

**HAND BAGS.** The leather hand bags this season have leather handles, chain handles, and composition handles. Zipper fastenings, fancy clasps, and odd catches to give variety to the shapes and leathers. Splendid values at \$2.95.

**MESH BAGS** Enameled link and frame, odd colors, both gold and silver to choose from, \$2.95.

**COSTUME JEWELRY.** Beads pins, ear rings, bracelets, necklaces. They come in a variety of colors to go with every dress. Prices

25c, 50c, \$1.00.

**COMPACTS,** Perfumes, Boxed Novelties, offer a variety for gifts at 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

**SILK STOCKINGS.** Nothing will please the average woman more than silk stockings. This season you need a greater variety than ever to blend with each costume.

**"GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE"** silk stockings that wear. Dull finish chiffon stockings in ten correct shades. Black taupe, the new shade with black costumes.

Service and chiffon weights at \$1.50 and \$1.95.

**CANNONETTE** pure silk, full fashioned service weight stockings, regular \$1.50, now \$1.25.

**A BARGAIN—** pure silk, full fashioned stockings, eight good colors in all sizes, only \$1.00.

**BATH ROBES** for gifts or for yourself are useful during the coming cold weather, especially where there is sickness.

**FIGURED Flannel Robes,** dark colors, cord trimmed edge, special \$2.95.

**"BEACON" FLANNEL ROBES** in two and three color, figured combinations, flowered or futuristic design, silk cord, \$3.95.

**SILK Trimmed Robes** in "Beacon" Flannel, dark, \$4.95.

**QUINTED SATIN ROBES** at \$7.45.

**SLIP-ON SWEATERS** in the darker shades, solid colors and mixtures, special \$1.95.

**SWIFT SKIRTS** of good flannels in colors are smart. Blues, greens, browns to wear with slip-on sweaters, \$2.95 and \$3.95.

**CHILDREN'S Sweater Sets.** Our popular set is the sweater and cap set in heavy yarn, \$2.95.

**Your Needs in Printed Matter and Office Supplies Can Be Furnished Economically Here.**

Samples of the work we have done will convince you that we can satisfy you.

We can furnish Salesbooks and forms of every description in manifold books. Let us quote you prices.

We can give you the benefit of the lowest possible prices on magazine and newspaper subscriptions—A copy of our latest price list will prove this.

**The Oxford County Citizen**

**Her Manuscript Were Du**

By DOROTHY DO

(Copyright)

WHEN Jean Barry collected a neglected manuscript from editor after editor, she settled it in her mind the fact that the bundle of "duds" somewhere.

"I don't know and I told herself defiantly a sudden tear from her forehead, she wondered vaguely if she in the subway, when he John Winter, who found the manuscript, when he from the office, found the for an address, found the in the West Sixties, what to do with them, until just 'take them' Blinks, he'll know what may give him a plot as v. Old Blinks happened to Blinks, a writer of no small Winter's best pal.

"Picked up some poor coming home tonight," he landed over the pack you might like to give the before sending them back. "Look's as if he had a bit over the place," was a comment.

Consequently, a day of Jean Barry received a letter, encouraged, then amused, then.

It began, "Dear De Voe, I laughed as she habitually addressed as a man. I have come into my hands to rewrite and sell it, you must be very young, need in women's wiles. Characters are feeble—we that nowadays. You summer are splendid but an awful. I don't want yet as it would per my conception of these you might try to talk me thing I could not see. I am quite unsalable as I see they have been rejected confident you won't mind laboration. Will post a check to you as each is finished. Yours,

"Well, of all things! I tell I don't know any women, don't I? Oh, worry anyway. There must in this letter but the slightly demented old this till I might get some of Then, on a sunny mended a letter in which so big as to make her gasp hair and cry and then that she glanced through.

"Watch Post week of m Jean scarcely ate or slept Friday morning dawned could get the Post.

There it was with the "Triflers," by Dudley De John Blinks.

"St. John Blinks—soon know that name," mutter she rushed home to read. There was no slightest doing an extraordinarily good that it was masterfully y Jean's next act was to note to Blinks, care of P. t Golywaz, Thursday eve, not disappointed. Will hang on table. De Voe."

When Blinks stood in the way of the Golywaz to sum contents of that of place of upper Bohemia hidden wish that some across the room could be partner. She was very. Then, Blinks turned he was possessed of a wild cape and a still wilder degged to his fate.

Suddenly she smiled. She knew that in some way she had recognized collaborator. He went and before sitting down had felt the warming shaker clasp.

"You have been perfect to me," she was saying, sparkling of electricity as she mopped all about her, that much-talked-of plan Seventh Heaven you had put me there. I do want you."

St. John Blinks finally rose and to very good "You are thanking me, then one thought that entered when I stepped through it was that I might be here—and here I am. Is—sometimes?" It was heavenly right into Jean's eyes.

"Sometimes," responded Dudley De Voe. And the thing about the manner I cast down her eyes that for the future happiness

Indians and Maple The Indians taught us to enjoy maple sugar, says a Tree association. In North Carolina one tribe still continues central industry, selling sugar in birch bark containers the same as their forefathers before the coming of the Today the chief center of is in the northeastern sta



## Her Manuscripts Were Duds

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

WHEN Jean Barry returned home after collecting a number of rejected stories from editorial offices she so settled in her own mind to give up story writing that she didn't really mind the fact that she had left the bundle of "dud" manuscripts somewhere.

"I don't know and I don't care," she told herself defiantly and swished a sudden tear from her eyes. She pondered vaguely if she had left them in the subway and whether the person who found them would return them.

John Winter, who found the packet on the subway when he went home from the office, glanced through them for an address, found the name, Dudley De Voe, and a street and number in the West Sixties, and wondered what to do with them.

"I'll just take them along to old Blinks," he'll know what's best and may give him a plot as well." Old Blinks happened to be St. John Blinks, a writer of no small fame and Winter's best pal.

"Picked up some poor chap's ravings coming home tonight," he told Blinks, and handed over the packet. "Thought you might like to give them the casual before sending them back."

"Looks as if he had shopped them all over the place," was Blinks' interested comment.

Consequently, a day or two later, Jean Barry received a letter that first enraged, then amused, then interested her.

It began, "Dear De Voe," and Jean laughed as she habitually did when addressed as a man. "Your stories have come into my hands. I am going to rewrite and sell them for you. You must be very young and inexperienced in women's wiles. Your women characters are feeble—women aren't like that nowadays. Your plots and scenes are splendid but characterization is awful. I don't want to meet you yet as it would perhaps weaken my conception of these characters or you might try to talk me into something I could not see. These stories are quite unavailable as they are, and I see they have been rejected, so feel confident you won't mind my collaboration. Will post on half the check to you as each story is published. Yours, XXXX."

"Well, of all things! Nerve! Concoct! I don't know anything about women, don't I? Oh, well, I should worry anyway. There may be nothing in this letter but the ravings of a slightly demented old thing or—better still—I might get some checks."

Then one sunny morning Jean opened a letter in which was a check as big as to make her gasp and clutch her hair and cry and then sing. After that she glanced through the short note.

"Watch Post week of ninth," Jean scarcely ate or slept until that Friday morning dawned when she could get the Post.

There it was with her own title, "Triflers," by Dudley De Voe and St. John Blinks.

"St. John Blinks—seems to me I know that name," muttered Jean as she rushed home to read the story. There was no slightest doubt of it being an extraordinarily good yarn now that it was masterfully written.

Jean's next act was to write a short note to Blinks, care of Post.

"Have reserved third table on left at Golywog, Thursday evening. Please don't disappoint. Will have magazine lying on table. De Voe."

When Blinks stood in the low doorway of the Golywog to survey the human contents of that quaint dining place of upper Bohemia he felt to a sudden wish that some one sitting across the room could be his dinner partner. She was very, very alluring.

Then, Blinks turned hot, then cold, was possessed of a wild desire to escape and a still wilder one to be dragged to his fate.

Suddenly she smiled. St. John Blinks knew that in some purely feminine way she had recognized him as her collaborator. He went swiftly over and before sitting down opposite her had felt the warning glow in her eager clasp.

"You have been perfectly wonderful to me," she was saying, and little sparks of electricity seemed to be snapping all about her. "If there is that much-talked-of place called a Seventh Heaven you have certainly put me there. I do want to thank you."

St. John Blinks finally found his voice and to very good advantage. "You are thanking me—there was only one thought that entered my brain when I stepped through that door and it was that I might be sitting right here—and here I am. Isn't life great—sometimes?" He was gazing unabatingly right into Jean's intelligent eyes.

"Sometimes!" responded Jean, all the while De Voe. And there was some flange about the manner in which she cast down her eyes that attracted well for the future happiness of Blinks.

Indians and Maple Sugar

The Indians taught us to make and enjoy maple sugar, says the American Tree Association. In northern Minnesota one tribe still continues this ancient industry, selling pure maple sugar in birch bark containers, much the same as their forefathers made before the coming of the white man. Today the chief center of production is in the northeastern states.

## HINKLEY-STEVE

Clarence Hinkley and Mrs. Alice Steves, both of Bethel, were married Saturday evening by Rev. L. A. Edwards.

The bride is the daughter of Frank and Gertrude Pass Applebee of Bethel, who came here about a year ago from Pittsfield. She is employed in the N. S. Stowell & Co. spool mill.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hinkley of Oakland and came to Bethel from Farmington. He has employment in the Tebbets spool mill at Locke Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinkley will make their home in Bethel.

## HEATH-ADAMS

Melville A. Heath of Conway, N. H., and Mrs. Lizzy F. Adams of Mexico, Maine, were married at the Methodist Parsonage Wednesday evening, Nov. 19, by Rev. R. C. Dalzell. They were attended by Mrs. Heath's daughter, Mrs. Welch, of Mexico.

## AUTHORITIES DECIDE

BLAIS A SUICIDE

After several days' investigation, County Attorney Flanagan and Sheriff Stimson announced Saturday that they were convinced that Ovil Blais committed suicide. Blais' body was found head downward in a well near Soud Pond on Armistice Day.

The restaurant counter man who slices the pie thinks he'd be in the dough if he were on piece-work.

Knitted evening shirts are attaining popularity in England, so the polo shirt may get into society almost any time.

Looking back, it seems incredible that the buggy whip and cowbell industries never appealed to congress for aid.

There are bright spots here and there: in a dry summer, it's easier to get salt out of the restaurant salt shaker.

You can't tell by looking at a man these days whether he's perspiring or has just finished drying his face on a paper towel.

The innocent bystander isn't always innocent: sometimes he breaks a speed limit getting there for fear he will miss something.

There are times, even, when some of us prefer a crooner, as, for example, when it is a choice between that and a boop-boop singer.

One of the reasons why we are unenthusiastic over the duds of the new morning is that we never could remember our rubbers.

Man's next great war will be with insects, says a University of Michigan scientist. Did anyone ever hear of a war without insects?

Plant a tree, thus honoring George Washington, and providing a place where the small boy of 30 years hence can roost during the summer.

However, the servant problem would be twice as serious if we were served by the sort of person who signs himself, "Your obedient servant."

It is evident that Professor Einstein never has listened to an aerial political campaign, for he says the radio is a great promoter of peace.

Eventually, it seems, a politician can work himself into the state of mind where he begins to love himself for the enemies he has made.

Quite a lot of men are developing into expert analysts of the crime situation in this country, but what we need is somebody who can cure it.

Probably the reason the average small boy doesn't grow up to be a perfect gentleman is because we have to raise our own instead of our neighbors.

The realism in one of the current problem movies is almost uncanny. Five years elapses at one point, and the husband is wearing the same overcoat.

A Toledo man who left home 23 years ago to see the world has just returned because he is lonesome. What's the matter? Couldn't he find the world?

While chaperoning the four-year-old during the summer we were astonished to find so little has been done in late years to improve the breed of horses on merry-go-rounds.

Another lesson one has to learn by more or less bitter experience is that an ability to shuffle a deck of cards like a vaudeville magician doesn't necessarily make your partner a swell bridge partner.

The courage necessary to pick the 29 men who "rule" the United States was nothing to that which will be required to answer a magazine's question: "Who are the 12 greatest women in America?"

"An excessively stout person," says a health note, "may become thin by living on orange juice for 10 days." Another effective method is to crawl through the keyhole every morning before breakfast.

## NORTH PARIS

The Women's Division of the Farm Bureau will hold a meeting on Christmas day, Nov. 26. Everyone is cordially invited. The meeting will be in charge of Mrs. F. A. Littlehale.

The teachers, Misses Dorothy Dean and Barbara Beede, with their scholars attended the Federated Church in a body Sunday afternoon.

Schools were in session Saturday to make up for Monday before Armistice Day.

James Gibbs has taken a lumbering job in Sumner and has William and John Gibbs Clyde Morrill and Harland Childs working for him. They are boarding at home for the present, except John Gibbs, who is staying in Farmer's camp.

Arthur Hart and Harland Hart are cutting wood for Leroy Everett.

Last week guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Coffin were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weaver of Milan, N. H., E. B. Coffin, Portland, Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bates, Mrs. Jesse Chapman and two children of Bethel.

Mrs. Abbie Lowe, Mrs. S. L. Wheeler, Mrs. Lee Dunham and Miss Marion Perkins were in Norway Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hart of West Paris, who have been staying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hart, the past week, have moved into John Gibbs' camp.

Mrs. and Mrs. Gordon Abbott of Lohannon, Conn., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Abbott.

Mrs. Sadie Fogg and Clarence Coffin of East Sumner were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Coffin Friday evening.

Miss Florence Hart of Gorham Normal School was home over the week end and played with her brothers for the dance at West Sumner Saturday evening. There were many attended from here.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeborn Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy of Augusta called on Mrs. Martha Martin Sunday.

George Ripley of South Paris called on his uncle, James Ripley, Sunday.

## EAST MILTON

Asa Sessions shot a big deer one day last week. It had eight points on its horns.

Ruth Bryant visited Lewis Farnum's folks one day recently.

Mr. Carter of Bethel has moved his family into the mill house and will chop in the woods for Eben Farnum.

Orrington Pingree has moved into the Tebbets rent vacated by his son Edwin.

Roger Farnum will have a Poverty Ball Saturday night, Nov. 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Billings and son Lloyd were at Carlton Clifford's Monday.

The weather is very bad for the loggers, having so much rain.

Asa Sessions has got his barn built on the Ralph Andrews place by Concord Pond.

Mrs. Lynn gave the school children a surprise Saturday, taking them all to the pictures at Bangor, and having candy. All had a very nice time.

Horace Hopkins is staying at Harry Farnum's at present. He will work for Eben Farnum during this week.

## SOUTH ALBANY

Mrs. Nancy Andrews and Mrs. Anne Taylor called at Robert Hill's and James Kimball's Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy V. Woodell and Arthur Eugene were in South Paris last Wednesday.

Leon Kimball and daughter Wanda Lucie were home over the week end.

Rev. W. L. Paul conducted the services at the Albany Church Sunday. There was a very small attendance.

There will be a supper and entertainment at the Vestry Friday evening, Nov. 21, for the benefit of the Albany United Public Library. A good attendance is hoped for.

Mrs. Ernest Brown recently spent an afternoon with Mrs. Roy Wardwell, Frederic Scribner's home from Norway High School over the week end.

E. K. Sheed has been working for Ernest Brown with his team.

Mrs. Frances Holt was the guest of friends in Norway over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pike of Waterville attended the meeting of Round Mountain Grange last Saturday.

Mrs. Hilda Lade and two brothers have been spending a few days at Charles Morley's.

Mrs. Sherman Allen and daughter have been visiting at Howard Allen's.

## Middle Intervale School

Those receiving 100% in Arithmetic and spelling are: Annette, Earl Brooks, Raymond B. Helen Stevens, Mervin Buck, Victor Brooks, Jeannette Sanborn.

Those receiving 90% are: Charles Brooks, Paul Carter, Dorothy Brown, Ada Cotton, Raymond Buck, George Brown, Helen Stevens, Mervin Buck, Victor Brooks, Lester Edentine, Arline Winslow, Jeannette Sanborn, Stanley Carter.

## WEST PARIS

Mrs. Frank E. Right entertained Thursday at luncheon and bridge the members of her club, Mrs. Donald K. Mason, South Paris, Rev. Marguerite Pearson McIntire, Mrs. Charles Cummings, Mrs. Clayton Heath, Mrs. Wilford Sweet, Mrs. Perley May, Mrs. Walter Noyes, Mrs. Leroy Luce.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mann entertained at Hunters Lodge, Upton, on Sunday, Leon Hadley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bates, and Mrs. Ida Jacobs.

Mrs. Fred Cummings of Quebec City was a guest Friday at the home of Mrs. E. J. Mann.

Reuben Henry and Miss Sylvia D'Alessio of Rumford were supper guests recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mann.

Mr. Julia Beedy has gone to Old Town to be with his son, Roger Beedy, who underwent surgery at a Bangor hospital three weeks ago.

Miss Herick has moved his family into the rent in Charles H. Curtis' house recently occupied by Nathan Smith.

Olson Dunham of Oakland was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Clara Dunham, from Friday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan L. Andrews of Lewiston were guests Sunday, Nov. 9, of the family of the Misses Delia and Minnie Lane.

Joseph L. Penley was at home from the University of Maine a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mann accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Riddle attended the Bowdoin-Maine football game Saturday, Nov. 8, at Brunswick. After the game they motored to Portland and attended a banquet and dance at the Eastland Hotel given by the Western Maine Alumni Association of the University of Maine.

## MASON

The teacher, Miss Alta Brooks, spent the week end at her home in West Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Luxton and daughter Barbara were Sunday callers at E. H. Morrill's.

Work on Pleasant River bridge is progressing rapidly. Most of the men board at West Bethel and drive back and forth.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Inman are boarding at Myron Morrill's while Mr.

## NOTICE

Bethel, Maine, Nov. 13, 1930.  
Notice is hereby given to all persons not in harbor nor trust my wife, Sophronia Adams, on my account, as she has left my bed and board without just cause. I shall pay no bills contracted by her. W. H. ADAMS.  
32p

## COLOR PRINTING

Increases the pulling power of any printing job. We are equipped to handle color printing quickly and satisfactorily.

## THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS

## ELECTROL

What Does It Mean?

The oil heating system that has economy of operation and service behind it.

H. Alton Bacon  
Bryants Pond, Maine

For Particulars and Price

ALSO FOWLER RANGE BURNERS

# AVOL

Thousands of prescriptions for this A-Vol stops pain in headaches, new remarkable formula were filled by rhegia, dental pain, rheumatism, druggists last year, over 20,000 bottles. A-Vol now comes in handy tubes of tablets, dentists and welfare nurses: 12 tablets, 25¢, 30 tablets 50¢, moderate and endorse A-Vol as a fine chest size \$1.00 at any price. A-Vol is a harmless, safe, rapid relief for prescription druggist or on receipt of pain, depression, fever, cold, flu, etc. price from A-Vol Co., Holton, Kas.

Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.

Headaches! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!

## A MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT

The Citizen sent as a Christmas present to some former resident of Bethel, or friend who is acquainted here will be a reminder 52 times during the coming year of the day and your thoughtfulness.

Just come in and give us the address and we will mail the paper and letter telling that it was sent by you as a weekly gift throughout the coming year.

It will be appreciated. It will be a weekly letter about Bethel and the surrounding country and the people here and will keep your friend in touch with the old home town and the friends who live here.



# Her Work Was A.J. Dunlap NEVER Done

The old farm had an awful lot for women-folks to do; No matter how Ma managed things, Her work was never through. Three times each day the hungry ate; Three times each day they dined, And spoiled the labor of her hands, And left a wreck behind.

A baby with a throbbing tooth, Would always fuss and fret, When springtime came with rugs to beat, And clucking hens to set; And weekly wash-day rolled around, And days of ironing too, And if she paused to rest at all, She'd patch a shirt or two.

The birds too long have paused to place The chaplet on the brow, And sung the praises of the man Carried this sturdy plow. The time has come to recognize The value and the charm Of her who fed the hungry men And chickens on the farm.



## Out of the Bag

By DUFORD JENNE

EDNA looked at him with melting eyes. He was a handsome fellow, with the infinite delight of her own sister. His boyish interest in the pictures was reflected in the pleasant face—the face of a man to whom life would always be interesting and good though others found it just the opposite.

"George, you're nothing but a big, good natured boy. Do you realize that you want me to marry you in June, and that you haven't even a job?" she asked frankly.

He smiled his friendly smile. "Don't worry, Honey, it will all come out in the wash. I'll get going one of these days, and then everything will be done and lovely."

She laughed a little bitterly. "But I do want a home, and I want you—and I don't want to wait too long—and perhaps be unhappy afterwards."

He sprang up, caught her in his arms, and folded her close. "You wait," he said with smiling eyes. "You'll see."

After he had gone, she went into the living room where her father was reading.

"Lamp, you can do as you wish, but no far as I can see George hasn't a job and I can't see that he is trying to get one. You like him because he's good natured and easy going. You used to think a lot of Bob Blake. He can give you a good home, he's a dink fellow," her father said.

She nodded. "I told Blake he could take me for a ride this evening. I like him, but I don't know."

When, later in the evening, snuggled warm and cozy in the front seat of Blake's powerful motor, she began to wonder more and more.

They swung out to the mountain road, and slipped over the gorgeous slopes to a little lake, perched far above the valley. He seemed to be a part of the surroundings, smiling from the waiter attention that George would never be given in his boyish, careless ways.

Under the spell of his smiling and the evening air, the weakening of her liking for George began to appear; and she knew to her heart that if on the way home Blake should ask her the one question she wanted him to ask, she might give him the answer he wanted.

As the long drive continued and opened before them, the right hand slipped from his.

"Look, I wish we could have many rides like this—me and you and the dog."

She told him that. The car in-

gan to jerk and slow down. The engine choked and died.

He clambered out, muttering. He tried this and tried that. His anger mounted in his impatience. "I'll have to go back and telephone to a city garage from the farmhouse," he said shortly.

When he returned, he sat in the car in muttering, disgruntled disgust after announcing help was coming.

The minutes passed. Blake grew impatient.

"What, Bob, it will take time," she started to say.

"Time? I guess I know it as well as you do! But they've had time enough," he said curtly. "I'm going back and phone again."

Silence again, and time for thought. She wondered if he would always be so impatient and curt at things that went wrong—at her.

A car came swiftly up the grade. It stopped. "Here it is, fellows. In trouble all right," a cheery voice called.

Edna jumped. It was George's gay voice. A man came up to the car and questioned her. Edna watched from the depths of her fur as George went at the engine. How did he happen to be with them? A man got in beside her to work the starter at George's orders.

"Who is he?" she asked motioning.

"An expert," the man said. "He's been at the day automobile school all the month and worked nights in our shop. He's a wonder."

The car swept away. So that was what he had been doing—studying during the day and working nights, and keeping it from her—planning to surprise her in his boyish way.

Blake came angrily up. "They've come and gone Bob," she told him.

He climbed in and started the car with a rush. His irritation hung over him like a cloud the rest of the way. When he stopped at her home, he tried to detain her.

"Bob, it's useless. I know—simply know we could never be happy together," she said with finality.

In the house she called the garage from which had come and asked for George. He answered her greeting.

"Why, Honey, I was going to surprise you. I wanted to make good at this first, no kept it a secret. I go to the head of the mechanical department next month—means the little house, some rate with frosting on it, too. Say, don't you want me to come up and tell you all about it, now the secret's out of the bag? Want me to?"

She answered a bit tearfully. "Oh, my dear, I do. Please come!"

So We Are!

Meatrow's first trouble is that it has no middle class, which is the backbone of any nation. Woman's Home Companion.

## Breaking World's Pulling Record



Straining every muscle in their powerful bodies, "Bill" and "Cub" the team belonging to George Wilson, of Greenwood, broke the world's pulling record by carrying a 2500-pound traction pull at the Jay county fair at Portland, Ind. This is equivalent to pulling 1000 pounds on a wagon on granite block pavement, or to pulling eight 14 inch plows six inches deep in ordinary wheat stubble.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A GOLD STAR MOTHER ON HER PILGRIMAGE TO FRANCE

Continued from Last Week

September 15. We visited the graves for the last time, each one carrying an armful of flowers which we had ordered the day before. It was a sad looking procession but all agreed a more peaceful spot could not be found. Our only regret it was so far from home. After luncheon we started for Rheims over the Chemin-des-Dames where we passed over 28 miles of road fought over during the four years of the war until every house, tree and the road had been completely destroyed. The road has been rebuilt and part of the land reclaimed but much of it is still left, and we could see the old wire and pieces of iron lying around. We visited one of the German fortified caves. The door was of solid cement about 15 inches thick. The hinges were of heavy iron. The inside was of cement with posts of cement about a foot square. I have no idea of the size but it held several hundred men, some of the old caves the French use for sheltering cattle, others for raising mushrooms.

After reaching Rheims we drove through the town to visit an old French fort built in the time of Napoleon but used in the late war. It was a canny old place but not proof against the present day high explosives. Returning to the hotel we passed the famous champagne works. We stopped at hotel Dreyfus Crystal.

September 16. We visited Rheims Cathedral which was partly destroyed by the Germans but is being repaired. There are only two or three of the original windows left. They are very beautiful. Those broken have been replaced by common glass. At one side is a little chapel. On the wall is this inscription, "To the glory of God and the million British soldiers who lost their lives during the great war 1914-1918 of whom the greater part are sleeping in France." We returned to Rheims and had tea at Lion Rouge and left for Compiègne where we stopped at hotel Grand Royal. Before going to the hotel we visited the Chateau de Perrefontaine in the little town of this name. Here the streets were so narrow we had to leave the buses and walk quite a long way and climb innumerable steps but it was well worth the climb. Here as everywhere in France are wonderful statues and beautiful gardens.

September 17. After breakfast we started for Arras. We passed through a wonderful forest which looked artificial to me, it was so free of underbrush and so well kept. Five miles from Compiègne on the road to Arras there is a place where roads meet, a little more than a mile from Reims station. From this station the road leads into the forest a short distance from this road. It was a siding for heavy artillery where French guns were fired at the enemy trenches. It was here the Armistice was signed Nov. 11, 1918, about 200 yards from the cross roads.

There is a monument at the cross roads. Edgar Brandt was the artist. At the top we read "11 November, 1918," at the bottom, "To the heroic soldiers of France, defenders of the Fatherland and right, the glorious liberators of Alsace and Lorraine." From the monument you enter the shade of a hundred years in diameter. In the center is a small slab of stone under which lies a crystal casket containing the names of all the donors, which bears the inscription, "Here on the 11 November 1918 commemorated the criminal pride of the German Empire, vanquished by the free peoples which it hoped to enslave." Bordering the immense circle to the right and left of the slab are the rolls on which the names are inscribed, these exact places are marked by two slabs of granite, on one "March 11, 1918," the other "The German Plenipotentiaries." These slabs are surrounded by stone posts connected by chains from French iron lads. The car in which Marshal Foch signed the Armistice is housed in an elegant building given by an American. Arthur Henry Flemming of Pasadena, Calif. The table is set in the car and place cards and the flags of the different nations at each place. The caretaker is a young French father. After luncheon at hotel Grand Royal we started on our way back to Paris, the most of us feeling that our mission was accomplished and we were ready to go home.

September 18. Back at the hotel. After breakfast we went to the Louvre and spent a delightful hour among the pictures. In the afternoon we visited Napoleon's tomb which was wonderful. What struck me particularly was the lighting of the Chapel which gives the effect of bright sunlight no matter how dark the day. This is not for all important military weddings. After leaving the tomb we visited the famous Eiffel Tower and other points of interest. In the evening we met for a sight-seeing trip through Paris through the Latin Quarter and other places I have often read of which served to show me at least how little an idea one can get

from a description of a place if ever so well written. We drove up to the Church of the Sacred Heart and looked down on the city. It was very beautiful with its myriad of twinkling lights.

September 19. About 9:30 we started for Fontainebleau to visit the Palace. We stopped at Hotel Leclair for luncheon then went to the Palace. This was by far the most beautiful palace we visited. It still contains much of the furniture of Louis Fourteenth's day and many beautiful tapestries and pictures. Here we saw Napoleon's hat, said to be the one he always wore after he became Emperor; also a clock of his day which recorded not only the hours but days, weeks, months and changes in the moon. Here too we saw the first looking glass ever brought into France. It was set into the wall and was about 12x9 inches.

September 20. We visited the Palace at Versailles. It is not nearly so beautiful as the one at Fontainebleau as nearly all the furniture had been moved to other places or been sold. There were many beautiful tapestries and magnificent pictures. Here we saw the peace table where the pact of peace was signed in 1919. We had luncheon at Belle Cythere-Suresnes. By this time I have become used to lunching in such beautiful spots. I have used up all the adjective at my command and will pass it over. Here for the first time since reaching Paris we met the rest of the party who had been visiting the other cemeteries. It had been kept a surprise and was like meeting old friends.

Sunday, September 21. Buses came around to take us to church. Most of us chose to go to the Madeleine. Everything was awe inspiring as we entered the church and I felt that one could worship here whatever their belief. The music was beautiful. After luncheon we were taken to the Notre Dame. I should like to have spent the day here but had to move with the party.

September 22. Our last morning in Paris. The night before the Lieutenant told us to say good-bye to the buses as we would not see them again. We had travelled over 700 miles in them outside of our sight seeing in Paris. There they were hired by the day, not by the mile. Gasoline was fifty cents a gallon and one of these big buses could run less than three miles on a gallon. It took eight buses for the whole party. In each bus was an officer or guide and one nurse, and doctor to each four buses. About 10:00 we were taken to the boat train and had the same compartment as before. Col. Ellis came to see us off. When we thanked him he said "If you are pleased then so are we." "Mike" again took charge of us and Miss Wilkins, our nurse on the boat, was there but our officers and nurses from Paris came to Cherbourg and onto the boat to see us off. The scenery which was of so much interest on our way to Paris seemed very commonplace. One thing I have forgotten to mention are the beautiful trees each side of the road. Everywhere in France it made the roads seem very narrow as they were set in what we would call the limits of the road. The favorite tree seemed to be the acorn, about the same as our soft maple, also the locust and poplar. Nowhere did we see anyone idle. There seemed to be a great deal of road building going on. Although we had had a wonderful time and had enjoyed it all the good ship "Republic" which was to carry us back home was a welcome sight. The waiters and deck boys welcomed us with broad grins and we felt quite at home.

September 23. About five P. M. we called at Queenstown, Ireland. It was very cloudy so we could not get a clear view of the coast. It did not appear to me like the coast of old England.

September 24 and 25. The sea was quite rough and a good many sick. 26 and 28. Beautiful weather and a calm sea. Sunday afternoon we had quite a ceremony. One of the widows had put all the names of our sons into a bottle with a letter of thanks to the government and sealed the bottle. The Captain, ship's doctor, Mike and some others came on the after deck. The bottle was laid on a roll of bunting with red, white and blue streamers on it (the bottle). Mr. Alger, the only husband in our party, and Mr. Muse, the only son, stood in the group and Mrs. Thrasher, the oldest mother threw the bottle over. The band played "Nearer My God to Thee" and the "Star Spangled Banner." The remainder of the voyage was without particular incident. One evening a masked ball, another an entertainment with music, dancing, singing and a little play.

October 2. We arrived at Hotel Metropole, New York, about 9:50 A. M. Reservations had been made on different trains, some leaving that afternoon, others of whom I was one, staying until the next evening.

Not the least interesting of my experiences was meeting women of my own age from so many different states. That that's another chapter.

I have been asked what was the attitude of the mothers about the cem-

eteries. I think two little poems that came to me, one going over, the other coming back, express my feeling and I think that of most of the mothers better than I can otherwise do.

EN ROUTE TO FRANCE  
Ninety-six mothers and widows gathered here from near and far, joined in a common purpose, Our badge a Golden Star.

From Alaska's snow-capped mountains To California's balmy shore Twenty-three states are represented, Few had ever met before.

As our boys were brought together By the cruel hands of war, So we women are united By a tie that's stronger far.

For our hearts have all been hallowed By the loss of one held dear, And our purpose self-forgetting In some other heart to cheer.

Though twelve years our grief has melted, A mother's heart can ne'er forget, And we live again the anguish, Feel again the deep regret.

THE RETURN  
Together we have viewed the fields O'er which our loved ones fought. Have seen the castles and works of art By their dear lives were bought.

But still we were not satisfied, Our hearts cried out in pain, All this is dress, give back our sons For they have died in vain.

But when we stood beside the cross And viewed that peaceful scene Far indeed seemed war's alarms Just like some horrid dream.

We knew for them eternal peace Would now forever reign, Though our hearts must mourn them still, They have not died in vain.

We thank a generous government That took us o'er the waves, And let us view that wondrous field And kneel beside the graves.

And we return with faith renewed Content to let them sleep Beneath the soil they died to save Where the Eagle will vigil keep. BERTHA M. MUNDT

## NORTHWEST BETHEL

Rev. and Mrs. Elwin Wilson visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Wilson last week.

Il. A. Skillings spent last week with friends in Harvard, Mass.

Mrs. Belle Bennett has been visiting her son, Clarence Bennett, at West Bethel.

Ed Rolfe is working for Il. A. Skillings.

Lester Mason is on the sick list.

India has seven times as many inhabitants as the United States.

## Bilious — No Appetite!

you feel dull, listless, may have headache, nausea, eyesight blurry, and usually constipated bowels, with poor appetite. Don't wait for the condition to wear off, get a bottle of the old standard family remedy, "L. F." Atwood's Medicine—50c for 10 doses—and use as directed. Cut down on sweet or rich food, get exercise and rest, and you'll soon feel strong and well. Selling everywhere.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

## THE PROBLEM

—OF—

INVESTMENT

is perplexing. For

many it is solved

by putting money

in the savings bank

where it is safe—

earning interest—

ready if needed.

Interest begins the first

every month.

November Dividend 5%

—O—

Bethel Savings Bank

BETHEL, MAINE

## Nifty Nan Frocks

of Crepe Sharitex

Look like Silk, Wash like Cotton.

Come in and see them.

## L. M. STEARNS

## B. L. HUTCHINS

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

Here you will find the Best Selection of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, etc.

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Watch Inspector for Grand Trunk R. R.

185 Main St.

NORWAY, MAINE

## Christmas Cards

SEND your Christmas Greetings to your friends with Christmas cards that will be exclusive with yourself.

We have a large assortment of designs that are entirely new and original. Our prices are most reasonable.

Order early so we may deliver your cards on time.

## THE CITIZEN PRINTERS



## The Handsome Man

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRVIN MYERS

CHAPTER I.—Returning to London, Macbeth, a successful business man, was on his way to his office. He was a handsome man, with a strong, well-set face, and a pair of eyes that were as blue as the sky. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his mark in the world.

CHAPTER II.—With his young daughter, Roberta, Macbeth was living in a large, comfortable house in the city. Roberta was a beautiful girl, with a sweet, winning smile, and a heart that was as pure as a flower. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business.

CHAPTER III.—Macbeth was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his mark in the world. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his mark in the world. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his mark in the world.

CHAPTER IV.—Roberta told her father that she was not interested in the man who had been flirting with her. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business.

CHAPTER V.—In Philadelphia, Macbeth was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his mark in the world. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his mark in the world. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was determined to make his mark in the world.

CHAPTER VI.—The girl drives Sir George to the construction camp, where he is making some arrangements. She is a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she is a great help to her father in his business. She is a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she is a great help to her father in his business.

CHAPTER VII.—During the day, Sir George is interested in the girl, and she is interested in him. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sir George is interested in the girl, and she is interested in him. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world.

CHAPTER IX.—Alone, Sir George is interested in the girl, and she is interested in him. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world.

CHAPTER X.—Roberta's heart contracted with fear and anger combined. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business.

CHAPTER XI.—The girl drives Sir George to the construction camp, where he is making some arrangements. She is a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she is a great help to her father in his business. She is a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she is a great help to her father in his business.

CHAPTER XII.—During the day, Sir George is interested in the girl, and she is interested in him. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.—Sir George is interested in the girl, and she is interested in him. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world. They are a man and a woman of great energy and ambition, and they are determined to make their mark in the world.

CHAPTER XIV.—Roberta's heart contracted with fear and anger combined. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business.

perated, "are you trying to tell me that I don't know how to interpret Sir George's manner to me? If you are, you may save yourself the pains. He's not only looking things, but he's said things."

"Did he say?" her aunt questioned, her eyes screwing up with mirth. "Well, that's hopeful. There's never a lad would go to the trouble of insulting a good looking lass, unless he wanted to attract her attention." She rose briskly. "I must be off to my ordering. Thank you, my dear."

It was not until her aunt's footsteps were far distant down the stairs that Roberta moved. Then she put her head down on her desk and cried in a good old-fashioned way.

Lady Sandison passed her stepson coming in with the evening papers. "I say, Aggy, when you've time, there's no end of a treat in store for you. You should read the different accounts of our little excitement in these old American papers, especially the country ones. I mean to clip some of them and send them to Haviland and Uncle Charles."

But in the library he forgot to read or clip, for on turning over the pages of one of the papers his eye caught a name he knew. He stared, unable to believe his eyes. There it was, however, under marriage licenses:

"Roberta Jean Macbeth, Macbeth's Island, Pa., and John V. Navarro, Philadelphia, Pa."

Was it just one of Nicaragua Jack's tricks, or did Roberta know and consent? He had been unable to trace any connection between Nicaragua Jack and the bandits captured or at large, and that fact had kept him silent. But now—what was he to do? Hastily he tore the list from the paper and thrust it in his pocket.

### CHAPTER XI

The week-end party was in full swing. Roberta moved among a group of men, some of them new, some of them old acquaintances, but all likable. Her father, for the first time since his illness—indeed for the first time since Roberta had flouted his island—was really enjoying himself. Sir George, Roberta told herself jealously, was treated like a favored son. He was gay and charming, and as her Aunt Aggy took care to let her know "looked like one of those old gods."

"My dear aunt," Roberta protested, "you talk of nothing else but Sir George from morning until night."

"It can't be as bad as all that!" her aunt exclaimed, evidently alarmed. "This is the first time I have spoken about Sir George since day. There's something about the way you listen."

"There must be," declared the maiden, "Roberta, I'll take care to change that something, for you may as well know, now as later, that I'm sick of the sound of Sir George's name on your lips."

"Dear, dear! Have I done that for the last I'm terrible sorry, Roberta. I wouldn't have had that happen for a great deal. You see, it's only the last few days that I've known how he feels about you, and maybe that's why."

"Why, he hates me!" The amazed girl almost shouted it.

"I have, without meaning to, you might say, been having him on my mind when I look at you."

"How he feels about me? Why, he hates me!" The amazed girl almost shouted it.

"Shh! He says so with his lips maybe. There's an old Gaelic saying that the lips must defend the heart though it is breaking."

"I will say, Aunt Aggy, that a man who can defend his heart as well as Sir George does his will never be in danger of losing or breaking it."

"So you say," returned her aunt shrewdly. "Hearts aren't made of glass, it's true, my lass, but they do break. Not right away, maybe, not dropping down dead as they do in the stories, but nevertheless, they do go off, and for nothing but dead love."

Roberta, who seemed exasperated beyond all need at this conversation, surveyed her aunt with unblinking eyes. "Well, next time you see one doing that way, call me, so that I can come and watch his death struggle."

"I have," said her aunt, "and you'll not believe me."

She left before Roberta could reply. What could you do with a woman like Aunt Aggy? The idea of trying to make her like Sir George? Or was it a trick of Sir George's? Or was it a trick of her own? Roberta was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business.

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

"What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear."

meet him, and yet she was here, with her heart so full of doubt and fear. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business. She was a girl of great intelligence and refinement, and she was a great help to her father in his business.

Roberta gave Sir George a quick, keen look that might mean almost anything. Involuntarily he followed her down the steps. Since he had read that marriage license announcement he had followed her like a hound on the trail. He could not bring himself to tell Macbeth and expose the girl to anger and ridicule. He meant to make her lead him to Jack Navarro, and then he would take matters in his own hand and spare both the girl and her father. They were not married yet, and that announcement might be only one of Jack's tricks to catch the girl. Sir George meant to see that the marriage did not take place. It would be a difficult job, but he would do more than that for good old Robert Macbeth.

Roberta went down the steps slowly, in an agony of indecision, quite unaware that she was being followed. Jack had told her to say nothing to her father about his secretary's past record as he had given it to her, yet curiously enough, she doubted Jack sometimes and was not sure that she doubted her father's secretary.

Ray Browne looked after the girl and Sir George. "I wish he wasn't so good looking," he declared earnestly. "Even Roberta—" and then his jaw dropped, and he stared speechless, as did her father. Sir George, having approached Roberta, had laid his hand lightly on her arm to detain her and she had jerked away from him.

"The lad shows very little tact," said Roberta's father. "It seems to me that Sir George has lost his sense of humor."

He had, for he had had a flash of something, which he always alluded to as "that d-d queer inheritance from my mother's side of the family."

It made him sure that Roberta must not be allowed to leave her father's home today, alone. Then he had seen the blue car and known that it was Jack. He knew he must follow if he could not stop her now, and very evidently she would not listen. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead as he followed the girl down the path. He dared not leave her, but he cursed the pride and caution that had kept him from taking her father into his confidence.

The moment he had read the printed name, he had known that Jack Navarro was determined to get the girl and her money, but her attitude toward Sir George was so antagonistic that he had not quite known how to proceed. He knew he should force Roberta either to bring Jack to her father's attention or to listen while he told her what he knew of Jack Navarro. But how?

"Is your friend coming to join the party?" he asked.

"No," Roberta said defiantly. "I'm going to join him."

Sir George frowned. "I wouldn't do that. Your father will miss you, and it will look rather odd, don't you think, for a girl to go to a party in the company of a man who never comes to the house?"

Roberta swung around on him. She was furious, and she did not hesitate to show it. "No," she began in a hoarse, defiant voice, "after all, my father's secretary is his spy."

"Don't! It has on my mind ago it isn't true. Your father's laid up and I'm trying to keep him from being worried. I'm trying to look after you, for him."

"How nice of you," Roberta smiled softly. "But you are in my way, Sir George Sandison, and I am waiting for you to move."

He paid no attention. How lovely the little devil was, and what a voice! A man might listen to its music in a moment. "If you would only listen, I think you would see what I am doing at. My dear girl, I would do a lot to save Robert Macbeth a single anxiety."

"And you think?"

"And I think you are causing him some," he said slowly. "In fact, I'm sure."

Roberta stopped and stood still for a moment. Her impulse was to exclaim: "Oh, you don't really mean that father is worrying about me now?"

But her pride would not allow her to do it. She would go on with what she had started out to do. She knew now that she was wrong to go. In deed, she had all along been forcing herself to believe that it meant little to her father, in order to keep her uneasy conscience from troubling her.

Almost she was on the point of turning back. She would tell Jack he must come in and face father, even if it meant a quarrel.

Even as she hesitated, Sir George, unthinkingly spoke the words that saved her. "Your father may not know the man you are motoring with, but I do, and what little I know is not to his credit."

It was too much, and he looked to his hands and feet. Roberta, having looked at him in a little thought, before he spoke, "It's Roberta," he said calmly. "If Roberta showed you that she didn't want you hanging around, I don't think you'd run after her."

"No," her father answered thoughtfully. "I should say not." Then, after a little pause, he asked: "What's the man with her?"

"I don't know," and in spite of him, self-thriving, who sounded a little uneasy. He stole a side glance at the employer. "Another reason why I'm not following is that Sir George is chasing them, going for all he is worth, in my car."

Robert Macbeth laughed. "Took your car, did he? Well, who'd have thought it. I would have gambled on you as the first to follow."

Ray again regarded Macbeth solemnly. How much did the old man know, he wondered? Well, anyway, it was not his place to alarm or enlighten him. Roberta had made that plain to him a day or so ago. She had told him with the feeling that truth was the kindest thing, that she was not for him. But he must reassure the Boss. "I don't know. When it comes to being the actual, reckless Johnny-on-the-spot did you ever see the heat of Beauty Sandison?"

Robert Macbeth nodded with enthusiasm. "It's the way with the old Scots' stock. Can't turn them away, once they've made up their mind to anything. Roberta's been hitting Sir George over the head every time his hat showed above the long grass. Yet, see how he comes back. He paused abruptly and as abruptly said to Browne: "Think I can leave him to handle it, Ray?"

"To be Continued."

yourself. I have nothing to fear from Nicaragua Jack, but he has a great deal to dread from me."

"Nicaragua Jack! You are crazy! Who is he?"

"A handsome young man who calls himself a Spaniard, but he is merely a hybrid South American. He makes his living by tangoing with elderly ladies who can pay well for the privilege, between his gambling trips on the high seas. He's very young, but he's had a lot of experience. He slipped up badly on the last trip and was caught with the goods."

The girl still stared at him, her face white. "I don't know what you are talking about. I know no one called Nicaragua Jack."

"Oh, undoubtedly he wouldn't tell you about that name. But you do know some one called Jack, don't you?"

"Oh yes—several."

"Several Jacks. But only one who dances and is from Nicaragua. It was a rotten bad case that he was involved in, and there was a girl in it."

"He told me you would do that—'What?'"

"Tell your story as his."

"What do you mean?"

Roberta drew back slowly away from him. "You understand me perfectly. You know what I'm talking about and I don't care to hear any more from you." In that moment she had slipped around Sir George and as he came after her she turned, thrust out her slender walking shoe and deliberately tripped him up.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the top of the hill.

He went sprawling on his face in the grass under the trees.

light line which crosses the river in front of Mrs. Martha Bartlett's, coming from East Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dudley of Bryant Pond held their wedding reception at the Grange Hall Friday evening. Music was furnished by Billy Ross' orchestra.

Rita Sanborn visited at Harry Fowlers' one day last week.

There will be a chicken pie supper and dance at the Grange Hall Thanksgiving night.

Mrs. Hastings spent Friday at the home of Henry Learned.

### GREENWOOD CENTER

Harry Tibbets of Mechanic Falls was in the place a few days last week. Visitors and callers at R. L. Martin's over the week end were Mrs. E. T. Roberts and sons Gordon and David from Locke Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brazier, Mrs. Bertha Sykes and son Lloyd of Portland.

Lester Cole had some dental work done recently.

Daniel Shaw of Portland and Ernest Martin of Norway are visiting at R. L. Martin's.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole and family visited with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Dunham at Rowe Hill Sunday.

Arthur Tracy of Norway was in the place recently.

Watch this Space for Dates

Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6

## Know What You Buy

Nationally Advertised Goods are sold by Bethel Merchants

The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances. The quality and price are right. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

## Buy Nationally Advertised Goods in Bethel

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| APOLLO CHOCOLATES                                   | W. E. Bosserman               |
| ATWATER KENT Radios and Tubes,                      | Edw. P. Lyon                  |
| BAY STATE PAINTS and Varnishes,                     | D. Grover Brooks              |
| BIRD'S ROOFING, SHINGLES, etc.,                     | D. Grover Brooks              |
| CELOTEX,  | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| COMMUNITY SILVERWARE,                               | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| COMMUNITY and WM ROGERS PLATE,                      | Edw. P. Lyon                  |
| CONGOLEUM ART SQUARES,                              | D. Grover Brooks              |
| Endicott Johnson Shoes, Better Shoes for Everybody, | M. A. Naimoy                  |
| EXIDE BATTERIES,                                    | Crockett's Garage             |
| FISK and FIRESTONE TIRES,                           | Herrick Bros. Co.             |
| FORD PRODUCTS,                                      | Herrick Bros. Co.             |
| FRIGIDAIRE—Sales and Service,                       | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| GOODRICH RUBBERS,                                   | ROWE'S                        |
| GOODRICH TIRES,                                     | Crockett's Garage             |
| GOODYEAR TIRES and TUBES,                           | Central Service Station       |
| JAMSON & HUBBARD Hats and Caps,                     | ROWE'S                        |
| MURPHY'S VARNISHES and Stains,                      | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| MYERS PUMPS,  | D. Grover Brooks              |
| NEPONSET WALL BOARD,                                | H. I. BEAN, Building Material |
| OAKLAND-PONTIAC Automobiles,                        | Crockett's Garage             |
| PLASTER BOARD, Bestwall and Gypsum,                 | H. I. Bean, Bldg. Material    |
| POWDERPAINT,  | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| PYREX WARE,   | J. P. BUTTS, Hardware         |
| RADIOLA, Majestic, Steinite, Crosley Radios,        | Crockett's Garage             |
| ROYAL TYPEWRITERS,                                  | The Oxford County Citizen     |
| STANLEY TOOLS,                                      | D. Grover Brooks              |
| STANLEY and Millers Falls Tools,                    | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| TOWN AND COUNTRY Sport Togs,                        | ROWE'S                        |
| VICTOR RADIO AND VICTOR RECORDS                     | E. P. LYON                    |
| WALK OVER SHOES,                                    | ROWE'S                        |



